

The  
West  
Saxon



Spring Term,  
1931.

# WESSEX.

The Annual Magazine published by University College, Southampton, designed to serve as a rallying point for the forces working to create a University of Wessex, and also to provide an annual review of intellectual affairs for the district of Wessex.

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# The West Saxon.

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University College, Southampton.

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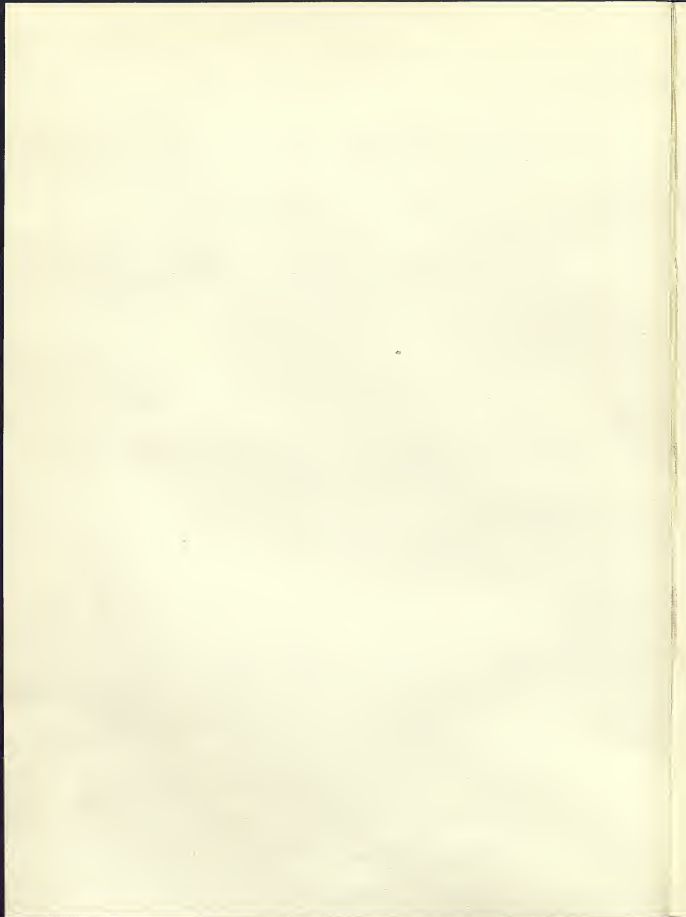
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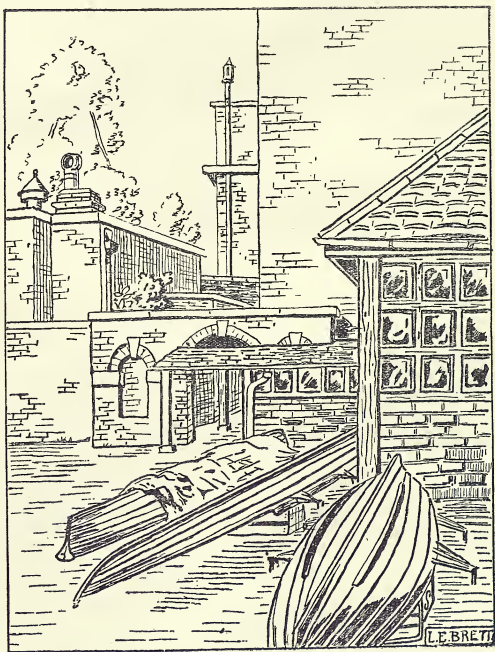
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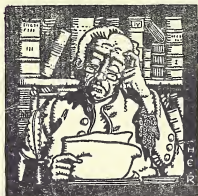
# The West Saxon.

Editor: E. F. NORMAN, B.A.

Sub-Editor: MARION MARSHALL, B.A.

*The Editor is not responsible for any views expressed or suggested in the "West Saxon."*

## EDITORIAL.



WE have just re-read our last effort, to make quite sure that we do not repeat ourself, and, incidentally, we have also engaged in extensive research into various other editorials not to plagiarise, dear reader, but to see what they say, and for no very obscure reason we are struck by some characteristics which they possess. The greatest apparent absurdity is that the unfortunate person who is responsible for an editorial, labours under a dual personality and is compelled to address the world in the plural number, though why an editor must write as though he were a joint stock company is beyond our <sup>very</sup> slender comprehension. An editorial is, generally, a common or garden

article which, having strayed from the flock of other articles, masquerades under an exclusive title and in an unjustly exalted position. It is frequently a plaintive appeal on the part of an unfortunate, who, though not averse to penning an editorial, objects to writing a whole magazine free, gratis, and for nothing, and indicates plainly that he would welcome a little substantial support in the task. Many an editorial is merely a desert of words with a few well-chosen quotations scattered here and there as welcome oases of inspiration, and though we are afraid we are falling into this last, with our little Sahara somewhat destitute of oases, we sincerely hope that we have avoided those other categories.

We began in a strain of cheery optimism, and so we continue thanks to several excellent contributions received, appreciated, and duly published. There are very real reasons why this magazine, or any other college magazine for that matter, should not sustain a note of constant criticism. In the first place it is not a healthy sign, and secondly, criticism, both written and oral, has become so cheap and everyday a commodity that it is about as effective as the proverbial snowball in an equally proverbial Hell.

Having now for some time skillfully (or otherwise) evaded the one function which common sense dictates an editorial should perform, we will, as a happy afterthought, indicate some points of interest in this issue of "The West Saxon." In the first place we would reassure our readers that our potted quotations are inserted with no malicious intent whatsoever; they are simply meant to provoke a bit of fun, not to be scurrilous personal attacks, and we consent to print them only on that condition. We feel deeply

\*Note another little idiosyncrasy of editors—they always assume a violent inferiority complex (we have absorbed a startling amount of psychology jargon this term) which, we are perfectly convinced, is only a pose.

## THE WEST SAXON.

indebted to the authors of "Hampstead" and of "De Wardiano Poema Latinum," who prefer to remain anonymous, and are pleased to include in this issue a new feature, viz., Mr. Brett's black and white study of the courtyard at South Stoneham House. The judgment of what is further good or undesirable we leave to the discrimination of our readers, and heartily thank all those who have submitted any contributions whatsoever, whether space has, or has not permitted of publication.

With the idea of lightening the burden of future editors we would point out that if some one or other Hall, Society or Athletic report has been omitted in this number we would recommend its supporters to complain, not to us, but to the secretary concerned, who has been both officially and indirectly informed of the last day fixed for receiving copy. We strongly object to our arrangements being "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." An apology is necessary for our violent change of cover colour if it has disturbed traditional equanimity, but we have looked green long enough.

Words, words, words—just one oasis in conclusion. We have scorned a parodist who insisted on such rimes as "poet" and "stow it," "madder" and "add a," but there seems a personal rebuke in his lines as they scraw accusingly before us with this imputation:

"In the yellow glimmer  
Of the failing light,  
With intellect still dimmer,  
Dost thou pass the night  
Scribbling down thy folly, spreading wide thy blight."  
". . . Enough, no more,  
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before."



## PERFECTION.

CAN aught be sadder than a perfect thing?  
I pondered, as my poised hand, hovering,  
Paused o'er my work, perfect in everything  
Except—perfection.

Matter and Spirit by his labours mated,  
Why, at this lofty moment, must the artist—sated—  
Stay thus his inspired brush as if he hated  
To reach—perfection?

Whate'er is perfect here is near its end,  
O'erpowering change must mar, though slow her trend,  
All perfect things—sad sweets—she cannot mend—  
Not mend—perfection.

The tender beauty of the blowing rose,  
The boundless joy which only lover knows,  
These pass away more quickly than our woes,  
These are—perfection.

T. A. S.

## GENIUS AND ART.

### A TRAGEDY OF THE ART SCHOOL.

ART! The young man's bosom swelled with a poignant ecstasy. He was young and earnest and full of restless searching energies; longing to probe the thick veil of mystery which hung about the tabernacle of existence; yearning with passionate intensity to absorb unto himself the ethereal substance of the Divine and Ultimate. And now, as by a fairy gift, these things were to be granted him. He was to be given the magic key. The intangible was to become substantial. The unknown was to be made manifest. He was to lap the celestial waters of the infinite. He was to share the existence of the elect and holy. And all this through the enlightened and benevolent foresight of the paternal examining board, which realised that, for a man to be a worthy director of the susceptible minds of the young and tender, he must be possessed at least of this divine secret which is the key to human immortality.

To which end, he was to attend the local school of art for a modest two hours per week. Not much, it is true: but, after all, a beginning; the thin end of the wedge; introduction into the broad and stately world of Art. It was enough. For had he not within him—did he not feel it beyond all shadow of doubt?—the germs, the incipient stirrings of a power so great beyond all understanding that at times he was frightened; frightened of he knew not what; frightened of a greatness that might transcend his little human personality and possess by force his helpless struggling soul? But these were only transitory, fleeting moments. For the rest, he was strong and valiant. Courage! he admonished himself; Fortitude! . . .

Truly the times were pregnant with possibility. Such reflections would leave him in breathless, panting fervour. Art! Life! Immortality!

And so the young man's bosom swelled with poignant ecstasy.

Thursday! The Art School! What should he wear?

His neat little blue suit and starched collar with white-spotted blue tie were obviously out of the question. One could not go to the Art School dressed like an equivocal bank clerk. It would be . . . how should one say? . . . Bourgeois! Yes, that was it: bourgeois! And he smiled with a kind of self-disdain as he saw his neat little blue suit being eyed askance by whiskered giants in shabby velvet coats and check trousers (c.f. "La Bohème") or red waistcoats and flowing ties. . . . No!—definitely not his little blue suit.

But, on the other hand, he rather hesitated to go the whole hog and assume the shabby velvet coat and check trousers. Not that he would have been anything but proud to wear these emblems of his divine calling, but would it be countenanced by the other more worthy members of the noble order of artists? He was, as it were, in the position of a young squire of old: he had not won his spurs. It was not meet that he should assume the outward dignities of his Order except he should have shown his prowess and proved himself worthy. With such humility did the young man approach his initiation. And who shall be found to deny that it did him credit?

He decided finally that he would strike a compromise! He would wear his oldest flannel "bags" and a sports-jacket, through at the elbows. He had been careful not to shave for the last three days, so that there was now a faint golden gleam upon his upper lip and about the graceful curve of his chin: he fondly dreamed of a silken preraphaelite beard and moustache. He had bought an out-size in pipes.

## THE WEST SAXON.

They would realise that he brought the approved spirit to the task, though he could not boast the grander achievements of their maturity.

He stood outside the portals of the School of Art. With beating pulse he gazed upon the broad oak door with its great shining brass knob; the door which shut the radiant land of promise from the ordinary, dull, drab world about him; the door which it was now in his power to open at his will. This power he did not, for some moments, exert, giving himself up voluptuously to the thrills and excitations of anticipation and expectancy. He breathed deeply, exultantly, then, with slow, steady pressure, pushed open the portal of Desire.

He found himself in a dark, cool passage; saw an old, dark oak staircase. One might for all the world have found oneself in one of the century-old colleges of Oxford. Here was one of those links with the past which give one that æsthetic thrill of consciousness of the continuity of things. As he paused at the foot of the stairs, he reflected with inward warmth on the myriads of brilliant feet that had doubtless hallowed these same stairs, and reflected that he too was about to add his quota to their history. Slowly he mounted. His head swam with dizzy thoughts. He walked in a world of enchantment . . . so that he failed to notice another figure descending the stairs, until he bumped into her. It was an undersized, bespectacled girl in pigtails.

He started. What could she be doing here? Before he could solve the mystery she was gone in a clatter of noise. There was something of Lewis Carroll about the encounter. He felt as the March Hare must have felt when Alice swam into his ken: what could she be doing in this part of the globe which was not the recognised sphere of ordinary mortals? He dismissed her from his thoughts. Doubtless she was some youthful prodigy, some spoiled darling of the Great One's. Then he opened a door.

The first thing that struck him was the disagreeable sight of new paint on old wood-work. Then a number of tables, in rows, regular and straight. Surely this was not the abode of the Great Ones! There was a cleanness and a freshness about it, that would have been fatal to the constitution of genius: no self-respecting artist could have stood the soul-despairing regularity of the array of those tables. He was nonplussed. The Lewis Carroll atmosphere was deepening.

There was another door. He opened it. Here were people, and more tables, and posters on the walls, and crude sketches that might have been done by children. The people he recognised. There was nothing of Lewis Carroll about *them*. They were his own associates; men with whom he came in contact every day; with neat blue suits and black ties and oiled hair and shaven faces; very respectable indeed; very bourgeois. And not a whiskered giant to be seen; not a flowing tie nor a red waistcoat; not an unfinished canvas anywhere, nor an artist's model, nor a glass of absinthe, nor even a cigarette-holder.

And in a trice the young man's dreams fell away from him like a pack of cards and a sick sorrow came over him. A lump rose in his throat and he clenched his hands so that the nails dug deep into the flesh. He bit his lower lip until the blood ran red. He gazed with swimming eyes at the ceiling. He registered, in a word, all the outward manifestations of injured self-feeling and anger which, as Professor McDougall assures us, go to make up the complex emotion of mortification.

He saw that he had been wrong; saw that his imagination had soared too high; realised that he must modify his ideas and be content with more modest beginnings. Above all, he must not allow himself to be disheartened merely because the beginnings did not reach the level which, in his foolishness, he had hoped. It has ever been the

## GENIUS AND ART.

lot of genius to struggle against a world made bitter by the foretaste of an existence that is more than human. He must be patient.

He became dimly aware of a little lady with a quavering voice who bade him take a drawing-board and pencil and paper. With an effort he bestirred himself and did as he was bid.

Mechanically he took drawing-board and pencil. And for a halfpenny he was supplied with a goodly piece of fair white paper, and from a neighbour he contrived to obtain four drawing-pins.

"This afternoon," the weak voice of the little lady faltered, "we are going to draw Roman Capitals. Divide up your paper so . . . and make your letters so . . . The following letters are based on the circle . . . and so on, and so on."

Sadly the chastened youth began his task. And yet, truth to tell, there was a certain ascetic pleasure in the sight of his paper divided into a score or so of neat, congruous squares: the pleasure a saint might feel as he gazed upon the trim precise tiles which shut his martyrdom from the world. But such a pleasure is close akin to madness. From the ecstasy of the ascetic to the ravings of the maniac is but a step. And the young man was of a nervous and delicately poised temperament.

Next, with painstaking attention, he carefully copied the Roman Capitals—and even these proved to be plain, ordinary common or garden capitals. There was a grim seriousness in the way in which he tackled the task, a recklessness of energy as of a man who really intended great things to which this was but the preliminary preparation. But this energy was not of men. There is a force which sometimes lays a hold on men, saps up the vital blood of them, twists and bends their human machinery to its needs, then leaves them spent and helpless, maimed and worse than dead. And such a force had now laid hold on our hero.

With a shrill demoniac laugh he put the final touches to his S and laid down his pencil,—ready now for the "inking-in." Alas! poor youth. His trials were yet to begin. So far he had but moistened his lips at the rim of the cup of deception: he was to drain it to its bitter end. With a brush whose shock head of bristles promised strife, he was about to paint-in the narrow bands of his letters—but an eighth of an inch in width. He was not blind to the nature of the task, but he would not be dismayed. He would begin at the I as being easiest; work up through the L and the T and the B, until he came to the O and the Q and the C.

His hand shook as he tentatively touched the I. Steadiness was the key to the situation. Control, control, he murmured to himself. And the more he murmured the harder beat his heart and the more his hand shook. Until at last, with a low groan, he took the irrevocable step.

Horror! The result appalled him. The main part of his stroke, it is true, had with no small measure of success, but the centre of the I. True it wobbled a bit and was ragged at the ends. . . . But these were trifles compared with what had happened besides. From the various offshoots of bristles which sprang from the common stock of the brush, various subsidiary parallel lines had sprung, so that his I looked for all the world like the ground plan of an important railway line. With feverish haste, he fell to thickening-in—until his I had assumed about twice its original proportions; a sorry business in good sooth—fat and very tremulous.

Nothing for it, however, but to push on. By desperation stung, he flung caution to the winds. With reckless abandon and, it must be confessed, considerable luck he lavished paint and energy. All the square letters finished and, with the slightest measure of good-will, recognisable. Now for the circular ones.



## THE WEST SAXON.

Tossing his tresses with nervous agitation from his streaming brow, he took a good full brush of ink. But in his agitation he immediately dropped it so that it rolled down his paper, leaving a characteristic trace. With a vicious snarl he recovered the brush and attacked the O.

Agony of agonies! If the straight lines had been difficult, the circles were the most exquisite refinement of torture. Round and round in vicious circles, teeth set, nerves stretched, endeavouring to guide the wayward brush along the narrow limits which had been set—a hopeless task. At best it struck a precarious wavering curve: at worst it would splotch and splutter and dart in every direction. And round and round and round in vicious circles; relentless, squirming rings that wriggled willy-nilly; accursed vindictive brush whose bristles knew no law but left their loathesome mark on everything. That O, that pretty graceful O which, at its inception, had been so trim, so neat—lo! now it sprawled, bewhiskered and convulsed, a thing of shame.

But on and ever on! Though circles weave a diabolic dance before his eyes, the young man dashes headlong to the fray and closes with the Q. Round and round and round in vicious circles . . . till the tired soul reels. And still he struggles on.

In blind fury now, he attacked the C. With sharp, bold strokes he flung ink to paper. Working madly round and round and round in vicious circles; and round and round and . . .! With a sudden choking gasp he let fall the brush from his nerveless hand and raised his hand to his head. For a brief moment he gazed horribly at the paper in front of him then, with a terrible piercing shriek, leapt into the air from his seat and fell to earth—dead!

He had completed the circle of his C.

SILAS J. SLUYS.



MR. L--SHM-N.

"Thy wild hair floating on the eastern breeze  
Thy tranç'd yet open gaze."—*Kable*.

## EPSTEIN—A DAMNATION WITH FAINT PRAISE.

EPSTEIN is a person about whom one has decided opinions, but the existing opinions, although energetic, are few. In fact there are really only two schools of thought. One section of the public (chiefly some art critics and people in Bloomsbury) extol his works. They "explain" Epstein in language whose meaning is rather more obscure than that of the works themselves—in fact, a description of the imperfectly known in terms of the perfectly unknown. As is the case with all mysteries Epstein provides the golden opportunity for the poseur. Critics of a less serpentine mould make brave attempts to show obscure qualities in the sculpture—tremendous "primeval force," and so on . . .

The other section points out that Epstein's attacks upon marble and other materials should be put to an end, that his productions are filthy and damnable, and finally that Epstein should be hanged. These people become emotional when Epstein is mentioned. Of course the utterances of both these sides only serve to spread his fame the wider and to exalt his name to yet dizzier heights.

We are told that a perception of the new and strange arouses fear, or more usually merely dislike, and Epstein's productions are sufficiently contorted to arouse our primitive distrust of the unusual. Englishmen are particularly primitive in this respect; on the whole it is very fortunate that they are. Unless our legs are being pulled, however (and this is incredible when we think of, say, the Hudson memorial), Epstein's works mean something to Epstein at least—and Epstein has a human mind—that at least we must assume. So the perception of his meaning should not be too difficult for our human minds.

Let us examine his works with as much calmness as we can muster; let us subdue our primitive passion, our savage fear of the unusual and try to see what meaning is to be found in his creations.

Epstein's "Night," which broods on the masonry of the Underground does suggest Night, a rather bloated sombre primeval night perhaps, but emphatically Night.

Genesis suggests creation not merely in its obvious representation of childbirth, but even more in its swollen fruitful curves. Rima is in many ways a better personification of Nature than the ethereal creature of Hudson's book. Nature is after all (I think I have the biologists with me here) rather red in tooth and claw. I think Rima's destructive-looking pancake hands might very well represent Natural Selection. Epstein's portraits are exaggerated expressions. Epstein shows ideas and feelings in his sculpture, that is the solution to the problem—and properly proportioned figures would be useless for the purpose. If Night were to undergo a course of reducing treatment she would lose all her Stygian shades with her *avoirdufois*. . .

Epstein can of course produce quite good work in the orthodox manner.

Epstein's work, then, is not meaningless or mysterious, but neither is it pregnant with terrific significance. He is not a buffoon, but neither is he a great artist.

By the use of an exaggerated style he caricatures ideas, emotions, expressions; the print which follows the blossoming of Epstein is really no rare exotic peach of potent flavour—when the bloom of strangeness has worn off we see something very much like the common (or garden) plum.

H. R. C.

# DE WARDIANO POEMA LATINUM.

THE MS. R.827.D/253 of the library of the former monastery of St. Denis, containing a Latin translation of the works of Josephus, also includes a Latin poem of an obviously different hand. Written in a hand of the thirteenth century, this poem can by its forms be set back to the sixth or seventh century, and we may consider ourselves fortunate that a lucky chance has preserved this specimen of early popular Latin, which shows an affinity rather to popular vulgar forms than to debased monastic Latin. The vocabulary is not free from traces of Germanic influence. The footnotes will call attention to certain peculiarities; but it may be useful now to indicate four important features of the poem: (i) analogical verb forms; (ii) the use almost throughout of the Accusative of the Noun after any preposition; (iii) the use of the neuter plural as a feminine singular; and (iv) misplaced accents. These have been indicated by a <sup>1</sup>.

The subject of the poem is not quite clear, but it appears to be a type of hymn sung perhaps by a body of young clerks about some official in their seminary.

Omnis absis vanitas!  
Intus fervet caritas.  
Omnes nostri nunc cantamus,  
Wardianum<sup>1</sup> celebramus.  
Gaudiam<sup>2</sup> ad firmamentum  
Nunc iactemus vices centum.  
  
Wardianus semper wardat,  
Ferulam in pugno portat,  
Placentam pro ianitore,  
Poenam et pro tarditore.<sup>3</sup>  
Gaudiam ad firmamentum  
Nunc iactemus vices centum.  
  
Circum hospitalem<sup>4</sup> currit,  
(Dum studens CAVE surrit,)  
Lumina exstinguens.<sup>5</sup>  
Caput profert in caméras,<sup>6</sup>  
Inspicit catenas, seras;  
Cura huius est ingens.  
  
Nunc ascendit in Singerum,<sup>7</sup>  
Motor ululat ut ferum;<sup>8</sup>  
Hic, HAEC, HOC de cornu sonat.  
Literas ad omnes donat,  
Totam diem ipse scribit,

<sup>1</sup> Latinised form of word of Germanic origin: *warten*, through V.L. *\*wardare*, + *iamus*. Later also the form *\*wardat*.

<sup>2</sup> Interesting use of the Neuter Plural as Fem. Singular.

<sup>3</sup> Analogical form. There is reason to believe that mediaeval seminaries had severe fines for students arriving after "lights out."

<sup>4</sup> *L. hospitalem*, V.L. *\*hos(p)ale*: Fr. *hôtel*, *hôtél*. Hence English *hostel*. A dwelling place.

<sup>5</sup> Rhythm demands pronunciation as four syllables.

<sup>6</sup> Unusual accentuation.

<sup>7</sup> Derivation unknown. Probably a vehicle. Some editors read "*impingere eum*,"

<sup>8</sup> Some noun, e.g. *animal*, understood.

## DE WARDIANO POEMA LATINUM.

Sed tenébrascum abibit,  
Se in lectum collocabit.  
Eadem cras iterabit.  
Gaudiam ad firmamentum  
Nunc iactemus vices centum.

Wardianum celebramus,  
Per quem sumus et eramus  
Et wardati erimus.  
Calvus, semper agitatus,  
Numquam illi par est natus,  
Albertus uberrimus !



## HAMPSTEAD.

A SATIRE IN THE *Augustan* MANNER.

- 1 *Babylon* sinned of old against the Lord  
With gusto ; *Rome* and *Florence* stabb'd and whor'd,  
And *Paris* has committed every crime  
That can be told in verse or sung in rime.  
5 But *Hampstead's* practically abolisht vice :  
Killing's *bad form*, and rape is hardly *nice*.  
Why keep police ? To guard our skins and gold.  
The traffic and the poor must be controll'd.  
If unprotected from the folk they fleece,  
10 How could our Merchant Princes sleep in peace ?  
And, if unchecked the cyclist's furious force,  
The wild pedestrian and the dangerous horse,  
Over our crowded highways were to roam,  
How could our sumptuous *Daimlers* waft us safely home ?  
15 In those old barbarous days ere the Machine  
Had conquered Mind, while England still was green,  
With roads unscented yet by petrol reek,  
Hamlets uncheer'd by motor coaches' shriek,  
Meadows unbeautified by boards that tell  
20 Of *Liver Pills*, *Lung Tonic*, *Force* and *Shell*,  
Before the 'Phone, the *Talkies* and the *Tote*,  
The Labour Government and the Flapper Vote,  
Upon a hill an ancient village stood  
Girt by rich meadows and fair belts of wood.

# THE WEST SAXON.

- 23 Above the mighty City's smoke and roar;  
 And this was Hampstead. Rumbling coaches bore  
 Thither stout cits upon a holiday  
 To breathe pure air and scent of new mown hay;  
 Thither the poets and the painters came
- 30 Fair souls aglow with beauty's sacred flame;  
 Thither came *Blake* girt by a spirit train,  
 There *Constable* found beauty in sunshine and in rain.  
*Leigh Hunt* of his belov'd Italians dream'd,  
 And *Shelley* of liberty and mankind redeem'd,
- 35 And in *Well Walk* one magic night of June,  
*Keats* heard his Nightingale beneath the moon.  
 Ev'n I the child of this late age have seen,  
 The hawthorn hedge in bloom at *Golders' Green*,  
 Picknickt by *Hendon Lane*, remember still
- 40 The days when there were green fields at *Child's Hill*.  
 The march of Progress is a mighty thing  
 It pays no heed to prophet, priest or king,  
 Against this rage, what is poor Beauty's power  
 Whose "action is no stronger than a flower"?<sup>1</sup>
- 45 From the mysterious heaven of high finance  
 Where we poor marionettes are made to dance  
 To tunes call'd by the men who know (and pay),  
 On some far-off August Victorian day  
 Issued the stern decree: beneath these skies
- 50 The most suburban suburb shall arise.  
 Dear Fields of *Hampstead* where breast deep of old  
 I waded through your buttercups' sea of gold:  
 Great Oaks and Elms beneath whose shade I lay  
 Dreaming through many a lazy summer day,
- 55 My *Shelley* or my *Swinburne* by my side,  
 When every morning was a shining bride,  
 And every night a dark mysterious queen  
 With starry diadem, moon brow'd and serene,  
 Your turn had come: almighty Money spoke
- 60 In accents that no mortal can revoke.  
 You vanish; in your place street after street  
 Of eligible villas rose complete  
 With all conveniences, and some were great,  
 Where merchant princes kept their vulgar state,
- 65 And some were small, but on each one you'll find  
 The firm impression of the great suburban mind.  
 Each chimney piece with photographs is crown'd,  
 The Tantalus on each sideboard is found,  
 In each bedroom the fum'd oak suite appears,
- 70 In every dining-room the silken chandeliers,  
 The bees' wax shines on every parquet floor  
 The white capp'd parlour maid answers each door,  
 The wireless set loudly each night proclaims  
 The weather, news and scores of various games,

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare, Sonnet lxx.

## HAMPSTEAD.

- 75 And is switcht off when learned lecturers start  
Ten minute talks on Literature or Art.  
You'll find few books; what need of learning's fruits,  
When all the latest fiction is supply'd by *Boots*?  
So Man has conquer'd Nature and replaced
- 80 Her chaos by his order, Intellect and Taste.  
I see my friend Sir *Isaac Goldberg* glide  
Down *Finchley Road*, his lady by his side.  
Out of the depth of their soft cushion'd car,  
Gleams the red fragrant end of his cigar,
- 85 And on her wrinkled sallow bosom gleam,  
Diamonds beyond a housemaid's wildest dream.  
Then I look down the vista of the ages,  
Behold Bards, Prophets, Thinkers, Kings and Sages.  
*Homer* has sung and *Alexander* fought,
- 90 *Phidias* carv'd and *Aristotle* taught,  
*Luini* painted dreams of flowerlike grace  
And *Rembrandt* shown the majesty of the human face,  
*Shakespeare* created a new golden world,  
*Beethoven* his great banner of sound unfurl'd,
- 95 *Newton* has weigh'd the stars, *Darwin* reveal'd  
The alchymy of the life of forest and field,  
*St. Paul*, *St. Francis*, *Luther*, *Wesley* preach't,  
And now the consummation has been reach't:  
*Rachel* has pluckt her eyebrows, cropt her hair,
- 100 And bought the most expensive silken underwear,  
Drinks daily cocktails, powders her large nose,  
And tints her wither'd cheeks *couleur de rose*,  
While *Isaac* dines with ponderous fellow-botes,  
Talks stocks and shares, discusses Test Match scores,  
And plays atrocious golf in hideous plus fours.
- 105 In optimistic moods it seems to me  
That *Hampstead* is the world's epitome.  
A Vision Splendid dawns upon my soul  
Of one vast Suburb stretcht from pole to pole!  
Peruvians shall read the *Daily Mail*,
- 110 Negresses scramble at the Great White Sale,  
The coffee-coloured children of *Mabouma*  
Be whirl'd to business by the Underground.  
On Art and Science let the curtain fall:  
114 Bridge, Golf and Cross Word Puzzles shall be all in all.



## THE FATE OF A HOSTEL FRESHER.

". . . Thou shalt go to Arthur's Hall  
And hire thyself to serve for meats and drinks  
Among the scullions and the kitchen knaves  
And those that pass the dish across the bar."—*Tennyson*.

## ON THE WRITING OF AN ARTICLE.

IT is the way of most editors, almost one of their little weaknesses I might say, to take an interest in articles. In the midst of my solitude on a recent evening, therefore, I decided that you, Mr. Editor, should have your unnatural desires satiated—yes, but how?

From my window I could see several things. Two trains were passing. A lumbering goods going upline, and a slightly less lumbering local coming down. The columns of steam met and passed; the distance between them ever increased. The clanking chimaeras had gone. I turned impatiently to the next window. How was anyone to write stuff about wretched trains anyway?

Ah! there was the moon; a hackneyed theme, possibly—but still a theme at all was something. There she was cold and impassive, unchallengeable as Queen of the night. Dismal clouds hurried by as if ashamed of their murkiness, yet there was some show of stateliness as they passed in silent review before the unblinking watcher of the evening skies. However, any more sublime thoughts in that direction were, at this juncture, shattered by the raucous singing of some crazy shanty in a wheezing voice belonging to someone or other, somewhere to my left and slightly above, as I gazed peacefully out of the window.

What was I to do now? Ah! a masterful treatment of some prevalent hypocrisy would go down well. What on earth was the use of getting feverish about celestial bodies in this world of stainless steel skyscrapers, whirling lifts, and miniature golf courses, to say nothing of its big-business men, electric cow-milkers or Epstein. What we could do with was a bit of biting sarcasm about Eugenics, Socialism, or Neo-Darwinism—but could we? After all, one had to keep in mind that cynicism was very easy to produce in any quantity. No, it wouldn't do. Should I engage in an outburst of acrimonious polemics with some imaginary opponent, some mythical Diabolus? Sounded faintly idiotic, I thought.

By now I had left both windows, and was pacing up and down to the intense discomfort of any who happened to be below, since I fancy that my slippers squeaked rather audibly. After several miles of this, I began to tire of an exercise which failed badly in its purpose, viz., to stimulate inspiration. Perhaps a walk in the grounds would have the desired effect. At this idea I cheered up slightly: an idea of any sort was an earnest of success. With a light heart I strolled out of my room and went downstairs. Yes, the moon had been promising, and perhaps the theme would develop, aided by a short crisp walk under her serene light. I opened the door leading to the lawn. My project was doomed to the start. Outside the wind was moaning regretfully amongst the gaunt trees, a soft and gentle drizzle was kissing the sleeping grass, and above, all was a restful grey.

I turned sadly away from this charming little scene. My last hope had gone. It was with no little sorrow of heart that I retraced my steps. However, I did not give way to despair. I crept into bed, not forgetting to set the alarm for a few minutes prior to the breakfast bell. After a short transitional stage I passed into a peaceful slumber: at least, that was what I was rudely awakened from by a strident tintinabulation several hours later.

M. J. G.





## CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor, "The West Saxon."

HONoured SIR,

I read with interest in your pages the letter of Mr. S. J. Sluys. Now, Mr. Sluys has long been of my acquaintance, and I esteem him highly. But now I am brought to differ from him in no uncertain manner.

My friend (for so I presume to call him) brings forward two points of complaint: firstly, that gentlemen of academic character fall readily into matrimony, and secondly, reprehensible both as a temptation to this first, and as an independent evil, that women are allowed to invade those seats of learning so long the preserve of our sex.

I propose to begin with the first point.

If the big great minds refrain from marriage, whence are the little great minds to spring? Indeed, when I recall my friend's conversation, I could wish him the happy father of a dozen at least, and sigh for the vision of this gentleman seated gravely at his fireside instructing the innocent at his knee in the earliest principles of philology. And indeed what parent ignores the dangers of weakened post-*tonic* interior? And what husband has never contemplated weak T? Do I not see my friend falling over the clock-work train, and addressing it in vocative strain, while his spouse explains to her babe that here is a strong dental plosive which tends to drop out.

But I digress, as we bachelors are wont to do, having no helpmate on whom to lay the burden of conversation. I will repeat that it seems to me imperative on students to marry as much as possible, lest the glory depart and the tradition be lost. So I come to my second point.

For who can so well be a companion to my intellectual as she who was nurtured with him in the embrace of the same Alma Mater? (Unless she be prohibited to him by the Table of Affinity? I have never before so considered the matter.) But may I, for my part, never contract alliance with a lady who cannot appreciate my jokes; for what use is a wife who cannot appreciate jokes? And we who have been long departed from our College know, alas! too well, that none save Hartleyans can see Hartleyan jokes. And I would have a wife who would realise the necessity that my golf socks, topped with college colours, be not repaired in other co-hues.

I entreat you, Mr. Editor. Here am I, old (or ageing), grey (or greying), preparing my solitary meal from a syphon and flask, unassisted, mending my own hose with safety-pin and paper clip, laughing, unaccompanied, at my own jests, and looking up, unaided, my own references and sources. Think, Mr. Editor, had I been but a little, so very little wiser, I had had now a faithful cook, housekeeper, a sewing maid, an amenuensis, knowing always the time and date; and withal, a woman who would call my dining-room, "*refec*," and stand with bowed head at the mention of one Kelly, and surround me with the dearest memories of my youth by chattering loudly in my library, and by arriving at meals breathlessly and at a run.

In short, why, Mr. Editor, should our Bachelors of Arts be not also Bachelors of Ars Amatoris? And why not eventually Fathers of Arts? I submit that the very term Bachelor has exercised a sterilising and inhibiting blight on the heart and enterprise of my friend Mr. Sluys; that he fears, in losing his Bachelorhood, to lose his Art. (And there, Mr. Editor, have I refrained from a most tantalizing pun, which your wit will discern.)

But I can suggest to him how to avoid equally a life of isolation and an alliance with a believed inferior.

## THE WEST SAXON.

Let him seek out among students of his own sex a gentleman of passive character and tranquil ambitions. Let them unite themselves in holy patrimony; Mr. Sluys proceeding every morning forth to earn their joint livelihood, while his partner occupies himself with the underwear and inner man of his Silas.

And finally, lest anything of domesticity be lacking, let Mr. Sluys betake himself to some respectable asylum, and whence select a nice pair of twins whom he may instruct in the elements of philology.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient Servant,

PERCIVAL P. Q. PLUYSE.

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To the Editor of the "West Saxon."

SIR,

After having partaken of a satisfying and sustaining meal in the Refectory, I decided that by way of a change I might pass the last fifty-five minutes of the lunch hour in witnessing how my fellow students disported themselves in the Assembly Hall. The first thing which struck me upon entering that imposing structure was that so many men were dancing together, this in spite of the fact that numerous alluring young ladies were seated round the room. Almost immediately I began to speculate on the possible causes which might lead to such an unhappy state of affairs.

Were the ladies unwilling to dance? I soon dismissed this idea, for I noticed that on the approach of certain proper young men a number of females eagerly primed themselves to enter the arena.

Perhaps I might satisfy my perplexed mind by examining the men who preferred to dance apart from the opposite sex. X and Y seemed rather engrossed in an intricate step. Now I have witnessed X and Y practising that particular step in the shelter of a certain men's hostel. Did the two gentlemen fear that such a movement would be far too much for a woman to accomplish or were they nervous to ask the several women to share their delight?

By this time I was almost reduced to a state of utter despondency when a thought struck me. I had just noticed that the women were not guiltless in the matter of dancing together. Could it be that the men considered themselves to have the same privileges, for it is generally recognised that women have the right to dance with one another? Surely this is a wrong attitude to adopt, for if the young ladies did not dance together would they not have to await the request of the male before they might dance at all.

The helplessness of the gentler sex rather stirred my pity and I felt very strongly that the Students' Council might possibly take steps to prevent further unchivalrous conduct on the part of the men.

In this frame of mind I was about to leave the hall when I was arrested by an incident which did much to cause me to reflect upon my previous point of view. A rather timid man approached a certain lady and appeared to ask her for the pleasure of the dance then in progress. On seeing the youth retreat rather sheepishly I assumed that the lady was indisposed. Imagine my astonishment when the female in question calmly proceeded to dance with another of her sex.

Disillusioned I made my way from the hall. The question still remained unanswered, in the matter of dancing which is the favoured sex?

V. D. O.



#### SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

**T**HE most important event this term has been the Annual Dinner and Entertainment given by the House to the Staff and friends of the College. This year's function was specially successful, for it was marked by an entertainment of high standard, and it was honoured by the presence of the Principal.

The Juniors gave a "Smoker" in return for the various welcomes accorded them by the Seniors earlier in the session. It was an enjoyable evening.

The usual lavish Christmas dinner was provided by the Matron and was followed by an amusing fancy-dress parade and entertainment. The achievements of Mr. L. Brett and Mr. W. Melton as versatile entertainers are worthy of note.

The House Committee is pleased to welcome Mr. J. Brumby as the second junior representative.

The Toc H group, whose active work at Stoneham depends so much upon the inspiration of the Warden, is now a very flourishing institution. Considerable work is being done at the M.D. centre in town. In connection with Toc H the House has had the good fortune to hear two talks from Wing-Commander Cave, designer of the engines of the R101 and an airman engineer from the infancy of flying. These talks have proved so enthralling that, according to the general request, Commander Cave is to continue his talks in the near future.

#### NEW HIGHFIELD HALL.

**T**HE last two terms have, in many ways, marked an epoch in the history of Highfield Hall, for, for the first time, all its members have been comfortably housed under one roof without recourse to Hut or Annex. We had the pleasure of welcoming our new Warden and Vice-Warden last term, as well as Mlle. Collet, the first member of the Staff to reside in the new Hostel. A notice "Ici on parle Français" is being inscribed for Window table.

Our only entertainments so far this session have been a jolly evening spent in entertaining the Members of Old Highfield Hall on November 5th, and another, later in the term, when the Seniors of South Stoneham House and South Hill were our guests. We are hoping to secure a date for another entertainment in the near future.

This term has, however, not been devoid of activity. On February 18th a delightful concert was arranged by the Hon. Mrs. Browne in the Dining-hall, and as a result the very welcome sum of £25 was realised towards the Library fund. As we have also received several gifts of books lately, thanks to the much-appreciated efforts of the

## THE WEST SAXON.

Warden, we feel sure that the shelves will soon be more worthily filled. At present we are desecrating the hallowed precincts by dancing there every evening and we learn that before long it will be invaded by Choral enthusiasts.

M. M.

## OLD HIGHFIELD HALL.

IN spite of our maidenly modesty of last term "South Hill" is still very much in existence, and our silence in the last issue was not due to lack of material for a report. Indeed, we were so fêted and entertained that we were left towards the end of term with a feeling that we must pay off some of our social debts or refuse any further invitations. So with a little contrivance we managed to utilise all the available floor space for a social on December 14th, at which Russell Seniors, the House Committees of other Halls and a large gathering of Staff were present. We enjoyed it so much that we want to hold another similar function this term, but so far, no definite plans have been made.

As for our new quarters, we are finding them very much more to our liking than we had hoped, indeed we are awed almost to silence by the magnitude of the dining-room—but we would like South Hill back again!



## BETSY IN A DREAM.

LIKE to quickly opening flower  
That spreads its petals deft and firm  
In answer to a morning shower  
And sunshine's beam,  
So came her little dimpled face,  
In every line familiar,  
Clear in the troubled hazy space  
Of waking dream.

She turned to me and bent her head  
And her black eyes looked up to me.  
Her cheeks bore not their wonted red.  
She made no sign.  
Closer she came, we lightly kissed,  
She smiled and dimpled roguishly.  
I felt her forehead, cold I wist,  
And touching mine.



THE WARDEN OF S.S.H ON THE RISE OF THE NEW HOSTEL.

"Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness."—*Shakespeare.*

MR. D-DL-Y.

"— Heard this one—"—*Anon.*



## SOCCER.

THIS season's team is like that of last season in the fact that there is a remarkable inconsistency. We do very well against first-rate teams, yet fail against much inferior sides. However, on the whole, we have been very successful. As the result of a subsequent fixture, we would judge the recent game in which King Alfred's College, Winchester, were narrowly defeated (5-4) for the first time this season, as the best victory the team has gained. The game at Bristol was one of the best of the season. The ground was very heavy and the team played excellently, the result being a draw. One individual is outstanding in this year's team, and he is Cassidy, who has played exceptionally well at centre-half.

The results for the season up to the present are :

P	W	L	D
22	15	6	1

Most of this season's team will be leaving this year, but those who will be left are confident of an even better team next season.

K. E. P.

## MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

IN view of the moving appeal to secretaries in the editorial of the Autumn issue of the "West Saxon," it would hardly be seemly to state that this has been the most successful season the hockey club has had for several years, lest this should lead to the inevitable dreary record of matches lost and won. Yet what pleasure might not have been derived from reading that to date we have won eleven matches and lost but seven ! But, editor or no editor, we cannot refrain from boasting of our closely fought victory over Exeter and of our rather narrow defeat at Bristol with a somewhat depleted team.

In mentioning that our total of goals scored has reached the magnificent sum of 64 in comparison with a mere 40 scored against us, the aim is to provide matter of interest to mathematicians and those who delight in a maze of statistics rather than to flaunt such sordid details in the public eye. And, for those of democratic views, it might be of interest to know that no fewer than twenty-two men have played for the 1st XI—though not all at once. Lest the committee be accused of undue lack of confidence in their ability to pick a winning team, we must hasten to add that this has been largely due to sickness and injuries amongst regular first team men.

It has been a weakness of ours to write encouragingly or even condescendingly of the 2nd XI which is now completing its first season ; and in this, our swan song, they shall find honourable mention. In spite of cancelled fixtures due to bad weather they have enjoyed several well-contested games and quite recently achieved their maiden victory—and have not lost (or played for that matter), since.

## THE WEST SAXON.

For those, if such there be, who are really interested in the club we might suggest that they apply to the secretary for a report of the season's activities since he would be perfectly willing to supply one, even though the Editor has prevented it being published.

R. S. S.

[ED. NOTE. We thank you heartily, Mr. Secretary, for your noble response to our appeal for brightness and originality. Down with bare statistics; this aspires to be a literary publication; cloak your facts in whatever garb you will.]

## WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

THE first XI, up to date, has played eighteen matches, ten of which have been won, six lost, and two drawn. This record is not quite up to last year's standard, but this is largely due to the strengthening of our fixture list. We were handicapped by having very few freshers to call upon, and we had to make many experiments with the forward line before we could get anything like an efficient combination.

Both Inter-Varsity matches have resulted in a draw. The game against Reading, especially, was very closely contested, our opponents scoring their last goal almost on time.

The second XI has been unfortunate in that the majority of the matches has been scratched. Of the four played two have been won.

K. M. H.

## BOAT CLUB NOTES.

THROUGHOUT the term training and tubbing have continued steadily. Those who took up rowing at the beginning of the session have progressed sufficiently to allow of three regular crews being built up. The Club has a full programme of match-races for the term. On February 7th two Junior Fours lost by narrow margins to King's College at Hammersmith, while on February 21st the Club succeeded in beating Bristol University on the Avon with both the "A" and "B" crews. There is also a match against Reading University on March 14th. We should like to acknowledge, with gratitude, the donation of an eight by Professor Lyttel. It is hoped that this will enable us to enter an eight in the summer regattas.

D. S. M.



MISS M-L-L-R.

"With fixed mechanical smile  
And many a hackneyed wile."—*Gilbert*.

PROF. C-CK.

"Oh 'e's little but he's wise,  
He's a terror for his size."—*Kipling*.  
"Thou whose exterior semblance doth belie  
Thy soul's immensity."—*Wordsworth*.

MISS CH-RRY.

"And what think you of my daughter  
Cherry for a wife?"—*Fargubar*.



#### THE INTER-VARSITY DEBATE, FEBRUARY 13TH.

**L**IKE the proverbial bad penny, the I.V.D. turns up every year: but this year we are pleased to report, Mr. Editor, that speeches of really high standard were made to a very appreciative audience. Soon after 8 o'clock the Presidents of the Union, in the pontifical splendour of their new blue stoles, led the way into Hall, and many critical eyes were turned to the delegates who followed him. A hush of expectation fell upon the assembly as Mr. Palmer called upon Mr. A. J. Watts, of the University of Durham, to propose the motion, "That it is money, not love, that makes the world go round." A neat little man stepped on to the platform, bowed to the President and with a grave expression opened his speech. He had roused from his winter sleep to come to these yellow sands and place a question of great seriousness before a large section of the two and a half million unemployed; and it was money, he maintained, not love that made this possible, just as it is money that keeps in motion the complicated piece of machinery called the world. The need for money arose from the fact that man (embracing woman) was not an independent individual, but needed a medium by which he could carry on his process of exchange and by which he could estimate the value of labour and produce. He drew us a vivid picture of primitive man (so vivid that it suggested first hand knowledge!) in which he showed us the shortcomings of the old system of barter: how could the housewife, adept in the art of making one-string fiddles, hope to be able to feed her family when once the butcher was supplied with as many fiddles as he required? Difficulties were bound to arise here, to obviate which money was introduced, so that the world might progress and the Standard of Living improve. And to-day that need is far more urgent: he touched on the far-reaching economic effects of the changing standards of metals, bringing about consequent variations in the price of goods, on the many benefits derived from money in the modern civilized world; he condemned the mistaken views of the opposers who must be pierced and fevered by the darts of Cupid, and pointed out that the world is at present under the thumb of monarchs of finance whose very actions are governed by the power of money, and never even actuated by love; even the Chancellor is kept in bread and cheese and top hats by money. As man to man he appealed to the Chairman; he could not even make love without money; only a monied man may gaze down on the distant stage from the seats of the "gods" whither he has transported the lady of his choice. Of one familiarly known as Eggie he urged that he should not be a rose born to blush unseen, but should break through his shell, pull his socks up (he feared he had been letting things slip) and get behind the cart and push the motion through.



## THE WEST SAXON.

He was answered very ably by Miss Holt Smith, from London. She assured the house several times that she knew nothing of love herself but spoke only from hearsay ; in deference to which the house concluded that she has some very communicative friends ! She dealt with the proposer's speech in a summary manner : he had proved only that money circulated—and in vicious circles. A little elementary physics enabled her to persuade the house that only spherical objects revolved, and dealing with the subject in a purely theoretical manner she told us now when one is not in love the world gets very flat, but being in love increases its rotundity by knocking off the corners, whereas money merely makes you sharp ! This estimable Southern port (which apparently the proposer had appreciated so well) is one means of making the world go round ; and drink and love have many qualities in common ; both make you see things in pairs and both turn the world upside down. She appealed to good adders, or (to be less serpent-like) addicts to put two and two together, and come to the only logical conclusion that money is no good.

Miss Wright, from Manchester, paraphrased the motion, taking it to mean that it is money that makes the world fit to live in, in support of which she claimed that money had made possible all improvements of the modern world, though they may have been inspired by love, just as love may create a child, but cannot keep it alive. She suggested that love in a cottage sounded very romantic at first, but that washing in the same water might soon become monstrous—though one can stand quite a lot of love when it is helped by money. So she showed that money reigns everywhere and even kings have to submit to its decrees.

She was cleverly answered by Mr. Morris, of Nottingham, who hoped especially to convince the women, usually so biased in favour of money, with their continual cry of "Buy us this ! buy us that !" If the motion is taken literally it is untrue, because the rotation of the world depends entirely on the love of God ; if it is to mean the life of the world again it is untrue, for love secures the survival and perpetuation of vice, by which life is kept on the world ! If money is the oil in the machinery of the world, love is its driving force, for even the economists agree that it is love which inspires a man to work to keep his wife and family. But a man in love has far more leisure, and a man with leisure has more time to love ; and when love goes out the world has been said to stand still ! The applause which greeted this remark left no doubt as to its veracity !

Miss Benton, from Exeter, said she was not speaking against love, but wished merely to make it clear that even in our modern universities, where men have most leisure, and therefore most chance to love, they find money absolutely necessary for their amorous adventures ; and in support of the view that money was of more importance than love she quoted from any ring catalogue, "Rings bought back at any time at only 10 per cent. reduction." Thus the tame cynic, engaging and (alas ! *sez vous*) engaged. With a multitude of quotations from poets ancient and modern her kinsman from London deplored the disgustingly fat condition of the world, due entirely to the influence of money.

Mr. Wetheringham, of Leicester, showed us that money played only a transitory rôle in the ordering of the world, otherwise the non-payment of the National Debt should make the world cease going round, whereas love made the world go round long before money was even thought of, and the great schemes of the world are still prompted by love. Mr. Stalley (Reading) professed himself, as a realist, rather taken aback by the subject. When everyone knows that it is neither money nor love, but that which is bought for money (but not after 10 o'clock) which makes the world go round ! He pictured the committee choosing the subject, rolling dozedly on the floor. One member asked "What ish't makesh world go rhound ?" to which a disillusioned gentleman

## THE INTER-VARSITY DEBATE.

replied "Money," but an ecstatic woman "love"; which the house thought very pretty, but the committee rather libellous! He went on to say that money merely interferes with the workings of the world and love had to step in frequently to clear up the mess; and after all what makes a student's life worth living? "It is love, oh, little hunter, it is love."

The Debate was then thrown open to the house; and pretty speeches were contributed by Mr. Melton, who gets on well enough without love, but becomes more miserable as he grows moneyless; by Mr. Canning, who said that unless David had loved Bathsheba there would have been no Jews over the earth, no money, and therefore no motion, and by Mr. Brett, who felt that U.C.S. at least supports "love in a cottage" by providing a charming cottage atmosphere in the hall where twice a term we try to make the world go round by the power of love.

Miss Asplin, from Cardiff, was called upon to sum up for the opposition; she realized that in accepting such a motion the youth of this material world would be renouncing all its enthusiasms and ideals, indeed all its feelings for just as "money" includes some connotation of poverty, so love argues hate, and without these two all incentive to human actions and passions is lost.

In replying Mr. Dennis, of Birmingham, took a long time to say very little; he was of the opinion, however, that as love exists only as a series of glandular secretions, as an ephemeral abstract conception, "a broken reed, brewed by the mother of all evil, Cupid's wine is a fly in the ointment," so it is money is the oil which lubricates the essential machinery of everyday life, and without which lubricant the machine would stop working; therefore money is the most powerful factor in our lives to-day.

However, when put to the test, U.C.S. decided by 118 votes to 108 that it was sentimentalist rather than materialist, and we all felt that the evening had been both amusing and instructive.

B. B.

## THE INTER-VARSITY GEOGRAPHICAL ASSOCIATION.

FROM the 22nd to 25th January University College, Southampton, was the venue of the first biennial conference, under the new constitution of the Inter-Varsity Geographical Association. Ten University and University College Geographical Societies were represented by student delegates at the meetings on Friday and Saturday, which were preceded by dinner at College on Thursday evening.

Two illustrated addresses were given on Friday morning, when Professor O. H. T. Rishbeth spoke on "Wessex," and Colonel Cooke, D.S.O., spoke on "The Work of the Ordnance Survey." Principal Vickers took the chair for the second meeting and welcomed the delegates on behalf of the College.

By the kind invitation of the Director-General the conference visited the Ordnance Survey Office on Friday afternoon, and were there shown the various technical processes used in the production of Ordnance Survey Maps.

The business meeting was held at Highfield Hall in the evening and at its close the visitors passed a sincere vote of thanks to the College for its generous hospitality to the Conference.

The all-day excursion planned for Saturday was a great success and was favoured by almost perfect general weather and conditions of visibility. The route planned by Professor O. H. T. Rishbeth introduced the conference to some of the most beautiful and interesting parts of Wessex and allowed views both of the western end of the weald and of the Isle of Wight from Butser Hill and Portsdown.

## THE WEST SAXON.

The Conference officially ended at the Union Dance held on Saturday evening but, by the kind permission of the Harbour authorities, some of the members of the Conference made a tour of the Docks on Sunday morning.

It is felt that the Conference was a complete success and the forerunner of a long series of similar meetings. The organizers of this Conference would like to proffer their best wishes to Leeds University Geographical Society, who are to act as hosts in 1933.

I. C.

## BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE Society is more than half way through what has been so far, a very successful session. Late last term the visit of Mr. F. T. Brooks, F.R.S., of Cambridge, was a great honour for the Society. Mr. Brooks gave a fascinating lecture, based upon his tour in South Africa during the meeting of the British Association there in 1929.

It is gratifying to find that several people, not actually reading Biology, are nevertheless intrigued by Nature in her many and varied guises. The meetings of the Society are of a very definite value to its members. Occasionally a debate is held when views may be aired, and ideas exchanged. In conclusion, it may be said that the report is one of very satisfactory progress.

S. V. W.

## U.C.S. CATHOLIC SOCIETY.

THE Society has largely increased in numbers this session, and regular and well-attended meetings have been held at South Stoneham and Highfield Hall. The meetings have included addresses by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor King, Rev. Fr. Lindsay, the Chaplain of the Society, and discussions led by different members. Next term it is hoped to arrange a visit to Beaulieu Abbey under the leadership of Canon King.

The Society was recently represented in London by a delegate at the Southern Group Meeting of the Universities Catholic Federation, which included representatives from all the Southern and Midland Universities.

E. T.

## CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

AT the time of going to press the Choral and Orchestral Society is in the fever-heat of rehearsals for its annual production of a light opera. This year Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers" is being produced, and a strong cast of principals is supported by what is, in all probability, the finest chorus ever selected from students of this College. Owing to the very difficult nature of the solo parts, outside help has had to be obtained, but most of last year's principals figure prominently again.

Next term the society is embarking on a new venture. For some time past it has been felt that a work of a more serious nature should be attempted besides comic opera. If it is possible a biennial festival of classical music is to be held in the future, and as a preliminary experiment to this scheme, the Choral Society is giving a concert at the end of May, in which the chief item will be Elgar's "Spirit of England." This work, which shows Elgar at his best, and is typical of his patriotic music, calls for good, artistic choral singing, and under the baton of Mr. D. Cecil-Williams, the society is hoping to excel anything it has done previously.

If this concert is a success, then plans to make the Music Festival a permanent feature of college activities will be put into operation.

R. F.

[ED. NOTE. R.F.'s optimistic forecast concerning the production of "The Gondoliers" was fully justified. The opera is now providing excellent entertainment for enthusiastic audiences.]

## THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.



**T**HIS term the Society has had the honour of entertaining the delegates from about a dozen Universities and University Colleges who attended the biennial conference of the Inter-'Varsity Geographical Association. The programme, which included a tour round the East Hampshire basin and visits to the Ordnance Survey and to the Docks, was much appreciated by the delegates. The business meeting was held at New Highfield Hall, where Miss Leveson kindly invited the delegates to dinner.

Several interesting meetings have been held. Mr. E. E. Mann spoke to an appreciative audience on his experiences whilst surveying in Canada and showed some

extremely good slides of the Laurentian Shield area. He explained how the survey of a "new" country is carried out, and showed how greatly the airplane simplifies matters.

Brigadier Winterbotham, the Director-General of the Ordnance Survey, lectured again to the Society on the 19th February. He spoke on Cyprus and Trinidad, contrasting the two islands and showing some excellent slides of the lands and the peoples. The meeting, which was an open one, was well attended, and was, by the courtesy of Professor Mangham, held in the Botany Theatre.

At a General Meeting held this term it was decided to change the name of the Society from "The Students' Geographical Society" to "The Geographical Society."

C. R. P. D.

## DEBATING SOCIETY.

**L**ADIES and Gentlemen, admit us into your ken, we beseech you, under a new name; we have long felt it presumptuous in us to bear the name "Literary and Debating Society," so we are at last appearing in our true colours.

Our activities this term have taken us rather far afield. After holding a very bright discussion on that ever present trouble Co-education we concentrated on sending debates to other Universities—Manchester, Birmingham, Nottingham and London have heard us speak, and we all had a very nice time, thank you.

When we chose Friday, February 13th, for entertaining delegates from England's Universities, people were afraid our short-sightedness betokened very bad luck; but we were well advised to defy superstition, for general opinion says that the debate (an account of which appears elsewhere) was the best held at Southampton within living memory; and therefore we feel very pleased with ourselves, and hope that you are too.

B. B.

## LEAGUE OF NATIONS SOCIETY.

**T**HE League of Nations Society has, during the past two terms, concentrated its activities upon the organization of two study circles, one of which is studying the

Briand scheme for the unification of Europe; the other, run in conjunction with the Economics Society, the causes of the present world (economic) slump.

Several lunch hour meetings have been held, in which the Society has had the opportunity of hearing speakers from head-quarters. Further lunch hour meetings will be arranged for the summer term.

A new departure was the debate with the Allison Congregational Church Guild, in which the Society opposed and defeated the motion that "The League of Nations, as at present constituted without an armed force at its disposal, is unable to solve the

## THE WEST SAXON.

problem of disarmament." It is hoped that this activity will be continued in the forthcoming session.

I. C.

### SOIREE COMMITTEE REPORT.

THE great feature of the last three soirees has been the enormous success of the new scheme which necessitates the purchase of soiree tickets some time previous to the event. This has enabled the Committee to work off a substantial deficit from last session and to leave next year's officers a small balance.

The growing popularity of the soirees has been clearly seen by the record numbers who attended the functions. This has been due in no small part to the services of Mr. Harry Lawrence and his Band.

The small attendance of juniors is rather a disquieting feature, one which should engage the attention of next session's Soiree Committee.

I. C.

### STAGE SOCIETY.

THIS term the Committee has approved a definite scheme of play-reading and proposes to recommend this scheme for future years. Plays have and will be read throughout the term—an ancient alternating with a modern. The whole programme of plays is fixed at the beginning of the term and members of the Union have thus no difficulty in arranging to be present at a certain play-reading, or of taking a part therein. How far this will affect the attendance, however, which was previously fairly satisfactory remains to be seen. We hope that there will be a further increase in numbers both attending and taking part.

Webster's "Duchess of Malfi" was read in the early part of the term with much gusto and understanding but with insufficient emphasis on the melody and intonation required by the verse. The reading was, however, most successful.

Ibsen's "Master Builder," technically and artistically an almost perfect play, was read a fortnight later and considerably appreciated by those who attended to hear it.

"The Frogs" of Aristophanes will be read very shortly.

Meanwhile the Stage Society has done its part in preparing a play for the Rag Revue, and a special rehearsed reading of "Macbeth" is to be given in the Assembly Hall before the end of term, at which the whole Union will be most welcome.

B. W. C.



REFEC. RICE.

" . . . Great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast."—*Shakespeare*.

REFEC. II A.M.

"At every word a reputation dies."—*Pope*.

MR. B-LCH-R.

"Ah, happy melodist unwearied yet,  
Forever piping song, for ever new."—*Keats*.

MR. E. F. D-MM-R.

"I had rather live  
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,  
Than feed on cakes and have him talk to me."—*Shakespeare*.

## DANZIG.

DANZIG was made a Free City under the Protection of the League of Nations by the Peace Conference, which nobly attempted the difficult task of settling international affairs in Europe after the Great War. Poland had been re-constituted as an independent republic and it was found necessary to give her some outlet to the sea. The Vistula was her natural highway to the Baltic, and as a solution to the problem a strip of Prussia, now known as the Corridor, was given to Poland with the city and port of Danzig on the coast as its outlet. Poland claimed Danzig as an old Polish city, but the compromise now existing created the Free City. The situation to-day shows that the settlement was not a happy one, and Danzig presents a very live danger zone to Europe.

The city State of Danzig consists of the city of Danzig, which for over two centuries was under the suzerainty of the Kings of Poland—although never forming part of the Polish Kingdom—the town and seaside resort of Zoppot and three rural districts. The Free city is burdened with four constitutions or charters: that imposed upon it by the Treaty of Versailles; the Danzig Polish Convention negotiated by the Allied Powers; the Local constitution, and the Government of the League of Nations. It has inflicted upon it six governmental authorities: its own Senate; the Polish Government, which is responsible for foreign affairs, transit and customs; the Harbour Board (half Poles, half Danzigers, with a neutral Chairman); the High Commissioner appointed by the League; the Council of the League and the High Court of the Hague, and finally with the League of Nations as suzerain power.

The city is at the mercy of Poland by land and of the Allies by sea. It has no means of defence, and little or no control over its customs. Its railways are controlled by Poland, and it is restricted in regard to emigration and naturalisation. The consent of Poland is necessary before raising any loan and the Danzig Government can only communicate with Germany officially through Warsaw.

The results of all this are interminable disputes and ill feeling, and few meetings at Geneva are free from items relating to Danzig and Poland.

A few questions will help to disentangle the maze of controversy which naturally has arisen on the subject. First: Is Poland justified in laying claim to Danzig on an historical basis? The answer is definitely, No!

Danzig is an old Hanseatic city dating from the thirteenth century, founded by merchant Princes who raised it to the position of a first-class port and the most important city of the Baltic lands. It was then, and has always been since, Teutonic in every direction—in its racial constitution, its architecture, and its tone of life. Even under the sway of Polish Kings it retained its individuality and no trace can be found of any Polishisation during that period. Certainly to-day if a plebiscite were taken the result would show a 20—1 proportion in favour of Germany. Danzig is a German city, with German political parties, German institutions, German economics and German sentiment. The typical Danziger of to-day is characteristically Prussian. Therefore it is definitely true to say that Danzig is not Polish historically.

Secondly, Are the economic interests of Poland safeguarded under the present regime? Here again the answer must be in the negative, if not quite so definite.

Danzig has one of the finest natural harbours in the world, but its trade, drawn from a vast hinterland in pre-War times, used the network of waterways which German enterprise had constructed to augment the Vistula. To-day, those waterways are inter-



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sected by the Corridor and for lack of proper attention the Viřtula is losing its value owing to silting up. The railways communications of N. Germany too are severed and with heavy Polish customs duties steady access to the port is impeded. The import trade has also been made more difficult by the dislocation of the pre-War markets. Coal alone of the new post-War imports of Danzig seems to be on sound economic lines.

Danzig is hit by the competition of Polish industries, the depreciated currency and cheaper labour. Polish help, therefore, consists of competing with Danzig, for ever changing customs and excise regulations to suit themselves, and of flooding Danzig with an army of Polish officials who keep up a high cost of administration.

Thirdly, How does the regime work in relation to Poland? There is no good will between Polish and Danzig interests—this is certain. The Poles have tried Polenisation (language, etc.) but have failed. Polish business houses and banks rival those of Danzig in the city itself. The High Commissioners are continually settling disputes, as, for instance, when Poland tried to instal a separate postal service complete with pillar boxes. Westerplatte, a seaside resort of the city has been given to Poland as a munitions base and is guarded by 88 Polish soldiers. This is evidence of the aggressive Polish imperialism.

Remembering that Danzig was made a Free City to give Poland an outlet to the sea, it is somewhat incredible that Poland should have gone to the great expense of constructing a new port on the coast of the Corridor only eleven miles from Danzig at a spot with no natural facilities for such. However, this they have done at Gdynia, which stands to-day a creation of subsidies and state-aids to be in every sense a rival to Danzig. It is a magnificent achievement but deplorably bad business.

The question immediately asked is, Why does Poland continue to hamper the development of Danzig by refusing permission for loans, etc., if she hopes that the present settlement is a permanent one? The Germans and Danzigers regard it as only temporary and only the defeat of the Nationalists in Danzig at an election some years ago, has kept the peace through the toleration of the Social and Democratic Government not in power.

There can be no doubt that the compromise was a bad one. Nothing will ever sever the political ties between Germany and Danzig, and while Poland regards Danzig as a hostile rival, the present position can only remain for a short time.



MR. S-BB-RN.

"For thou art long, and—, and brown  
As is the ribbed sea-sand."—*Coleridge*.

LANCE-CPL. B-L-W.

"Thou art a young soldier, friend,  
And scant well learned in thy trade."—*Scott*.

MR. M-NN-NG.

"Hush, young man, and reserve the censure  
for that which thou canst render a  
reason. Thou art yet but a youth."—*Scott*.



## THE NATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS' CONGRESS AT LIVERPOOL.

THE seventh annual Universities Congress arranged by the National Union of Students is being held this year at Liverpool by invitation of the University and the Guild of Undergraduates. It commences on the evening of Friday, April 10th, with an Address on "The Future of Britain" and speeches during subsequent days will deal with various aspects of this subject.

There will be two Addresses each day with opportunities for discussion groups when possible led by the speaker. The future of British Countryside, Architecture, Industry, International Affairs, Politics, Social Sciences and the Universities will each be dealt with by an acknowledged authority.

The social aspects of the Congress—among its greatest attractions—have not been forgotten, and in addition to a Final Dance on the night of April 15th, there will be opportunities for sing-songs, concerts, tennis and seven-a-side Rugby and mixed hockey on one afternoon at the University Athletic ground.

Residence is arranged in the men's and women's Hostels as well as, should the number make it necessary, in certain selected University lodgings. The Students' Union is reserved for the use of Congress members and most of the addresses and discussions are to be in the University near-by. One feature of previous Congresses which has been particularly attractive—the International Teas—is to be repeated and should receive a fresh impetus from the presence of a number of foreign students and guests.

The selection of Liverpool for this Congress is a particularly happy one for, as one of the leading commercial centres of this country it exemplifies something of the future of Britain. Excursions are to be made to the most modern Factories in the neighbourhood, to Port Sunlight and the magnificent Docks, but it is not only the commercial side of the city that the Congress is to consider. Built on a rock above the busy street towers the dull-red nave of the new Cathedral, an example of what twentieth-century craftsmen can produce, given the desire and the imagination. This Cathedral, the largest in the land, may well appear as an illustration of the future of British buildings, as the city's progress in Municipal affairs may be taken as a guide to the future of Local Government.

To those who have enjoyed previous Congresses arranged by the N.U.S. a welcome is extended in the knowledge that their experience will make them anxious to meet again with hundreds of students from every University in the land, England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland. To those who have not so far attended a Congress the same welcome is extended, for no one who once acquires the habit of patronising this annual student gathering ever wants to stay away.

Liverpool does not possess the antiquities of Oxford or Cambridge—there one cannot lounge in a punt and let the river flow by. To be in Liverpool is to be alive, and there could be no more stimulating surroundings for an intelligent discussion of the "Future of Britain."



SUNDAY MORNING, N.C.R., S.S.H.

"A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by  
One after one."—*Wordsworth*.

FOR OURSELVES.

"Let such teach others who themselves excel  
And censure freely who have written well."—*Pope*.

"CARPE DIEM."

**W**HAT boots it that with eager, whirling brain  
We strive, until we draw our latest breath,  
To wrest from Life her secrets? Search in vain!  
The end of all Philosophy is death.

We cannot tell what lies beyond the veil;  
The soul hereafter lives? We have no sign.  
Come! till Death's chilling clutch my heart assail  
Let life and love, life's greatest gift, be mine.

And let me taste the sweets of youthful bliss,  
Drink deep the lover's cup of fond delight,  
Then, ageing, vanish into the abyss  
Of death's dark dreamless everlasting night.

G. H. R.



ON SOUTH STONEHAM CANTEN.

**W**HEN I consider how my cash is spent  
Ere half the days of this long term are past,  
And that bad sixpence which I've found at last  
Lodged with me useless, though my Soul was bent  
To urge therewith Smith (Victor) to relent,  
Reduce my bill, which makes me weep full fast.  
"Doth John exact cash payment?" (Woe, alas!)  
I fondly ask; but Victor to prevent  
That murmur soon replies: Both of us need  
Either man's coin or his P.O's; who best  
Pay our slight bills, they serve us best; our terms—  
Cash only. Dozens at our bidding speed  
And post o'er House for money, without rest;  
They also pay whose debts our book confirms.

J. W.



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